

MARVEL

EXCLUSIVE

**INFINITY
COMICS**

X-MEN
**FROM THE
ASHES**



015

X-MEN

FROM THE ASHES

#15

“PYGMALION”

Part 1

MERLE, ALASKA.

TONK!

C'MON, BEAST.
YOU STAY IN THAT
CHAIR ANY LONGER,
YOU'RE GONNA
GROW *MOSS*.

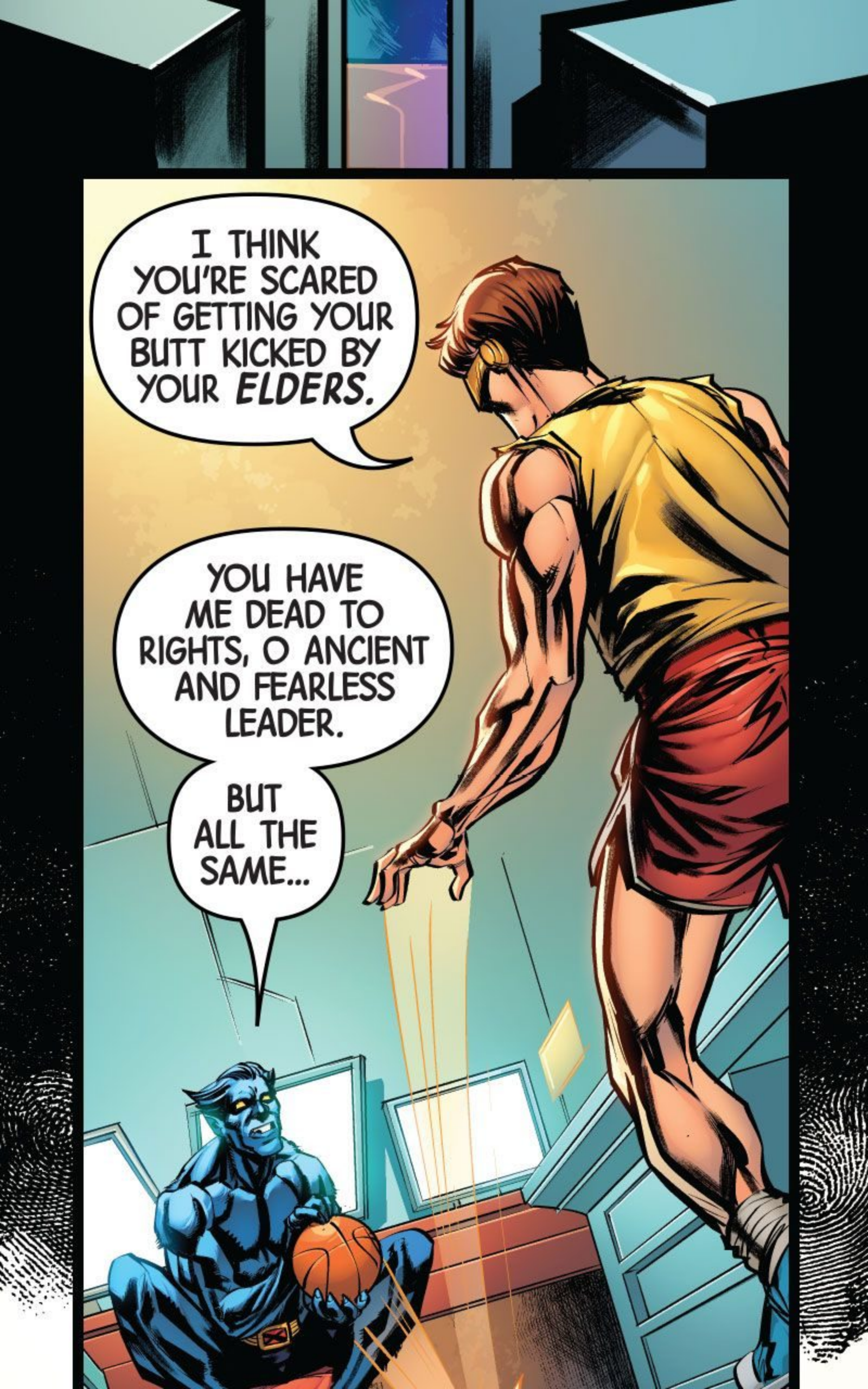
QUICK GAME
OF ONE-ON-ONE.
ME AND YOU.





I WISH I
COULD, CYCLOPS,
BUT I HAVE TO RUN
MAGNETO'S BLOOD AGAIN.
THE LAST CULTURE WAS
CONTAMINATED WITH
SKIN COMMENSALS.

MMM.
YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHAT
I THINK?

A comic book panel depicting a tense moment. On the right, a muscular man with brown hair and a yellow headband, wearing a yellow tank top and red shorts, stands with his back to the viewer, pointing his right index finger towards the other character. On the left, a blue-skinned, muscular character with yellow eyes sits on a red ledge, holding an orange basketball. The background features a teal wall with a window showing a purple and blue sky. Three speech bubbles are present, containing the dialogue.

I THINK
YOU'RE SCARED
OF GETTING YOUR
BUTT KICKED BY
YOUR *ELDERS*.

YOU HAVE
ME DEAD TO
RIGHTS, O ANCIENT
AND FEARLESS
LEADER.

BUT
ALL THE
SAME...



LOOK...
I *KNOW* THIS ISN'T
JUST ABOUT YOUR
WORKLOAD.

YOU DON'T
WANT TO COME
ON MISSIONS?
FINE. YOU DON'T
WANT TO TALK TO
ME? I GET IT.
BUT PLEASE...



NEW YORK CITY.

A comic book panel featuring a low-angle view of several city buildings. The central building is a tall, red-brick structure with many windows, some of which are lit up. To its right is a taller, grey building. In the foreground, there's a yellow building with arched windows. The sky is a clear blue. A speech bubble is positioned in the lower-left area, and a text box is at the top center.

"...TALK TO
SOMEONE."

SO, TO
RECAP, YOU'RE ONE
OF DOZENS OF CLONES
WHOSE CONSCIOUSNESSES
WERE BACKED UP FROM
EARLIER VERSIONS BY YOUR
TEMPLATE, "**BEAST
PRIME**"...

...WHO DEVELOPED
A MURDEROUS GOD
COMPLEX AND WAS
SUBSEQUENTLY ATOMIZED
BY SOMETHING CALLED
A "BLACK-HOLE
SUN."

GUN.

A "BLACK-
HOLE *GUN*"...AND
NOW YOU'RE THE
ONLY YOU. IS
THAT IT?

IN A RATHER
MISSHAPEN NUTSHELL,
DR. STERMAN...
YES.





...

YES, I CAN
SEE WHY YOU
MIGHT BE HAVING
DIFFICULTY
ADJUSTING,
HENRY.



IT'S NOT
THE TIME JUMP.
TRUST ME, ONE LOOK
INSIDE A SHI'AR WARSHIP
WILL INOCULATE YOU
AGAINST FUTURE SHOCK
FOREVER.



SO WHAT
IS PREVENTING YOU
FROM FULLY EMBRACING
YOUR PLACE IN
THE X-MEN?

MY FUTURE,
DOCTOR.

"SINCE I ARRIVED, I'VE LEARNED
THAT THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL
HENRY McCOYS--EACH MORE
DEPRAVED THAN THE LAST.





"THERE'S BEAST PRIME, OF COURSE--AND THE SELF-APPOINTED *GOD OF ALL MUTANTS* HE THREATENED TO BECOME...

"THEN THERE'S THIS SADISTIC ALTERNATE-REALITY VARIANT--
A MUTANT MENGELE.



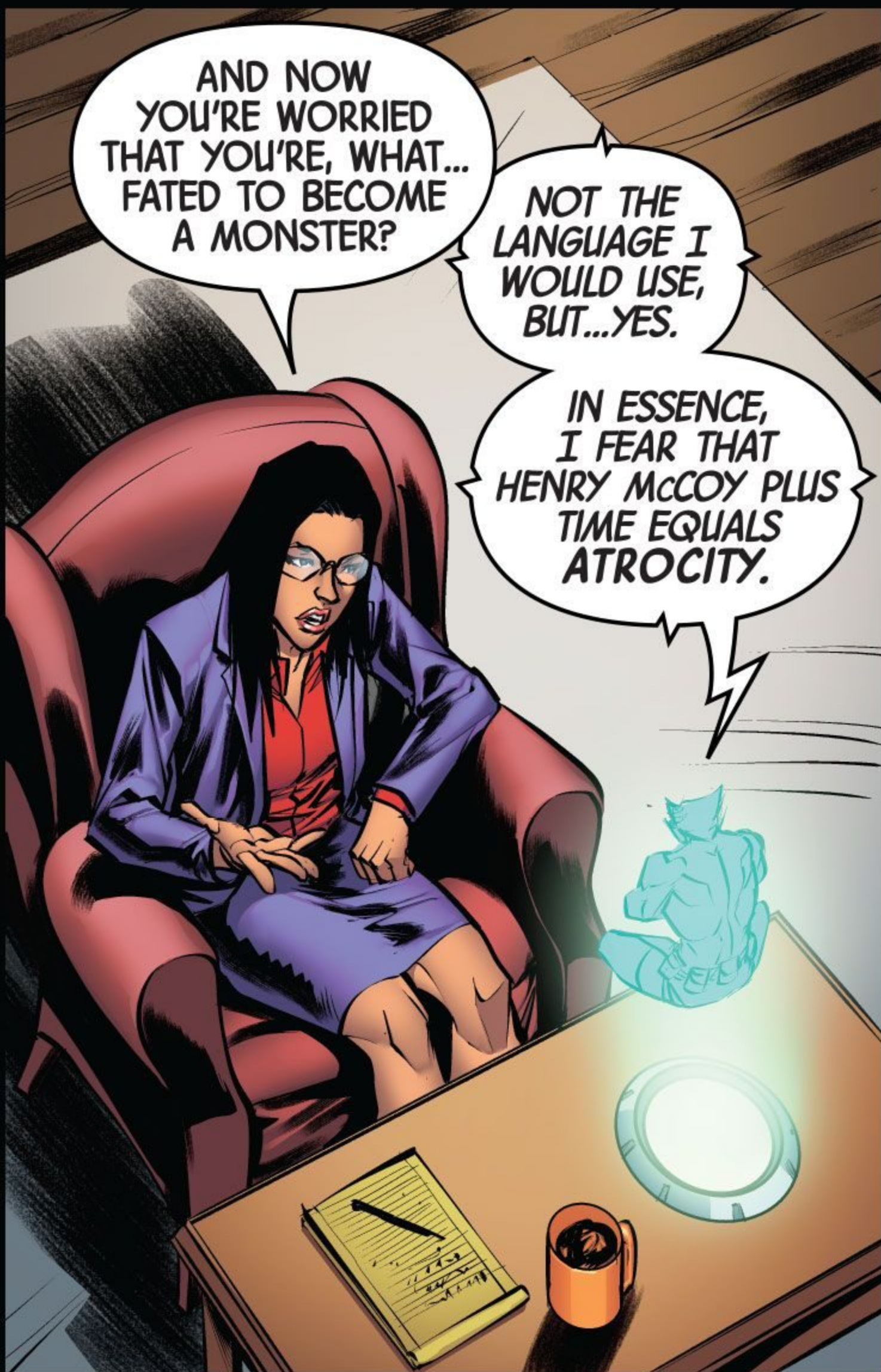
"APPARENTLY, A WORLD WITHOUT CHARLES XAVIER IS ALL IT TOOK TO MAKE ME ABANDON *EVERY VALUE*

...AND THE REASON I DON'T EVEN...
I PURPORT TO HOLD DEAR."

AND NOW
YOU'RE WORRIED
THAT YOU'RE, WHAT...
FATED TO BECOME
A MONSTER?

NOT THE
LANGUAGE I
WOULD USE,
BUT...YES.

IN ESSENCE,
I FEAR THAT
HENRY MCCOY PLUS
TIME EQUALS
ATROCITY.





MMM. WHY
WOULD YOU
REMOVE YOUR
OWN AGENCY
FROM THAT
EQUATION?

BECAUSE
OF *THESE*,
DR. STERMAN.

IN NATURE,
IT IS *EXCEEDINGLY*



IT IS **EXCEEDINGLY**
RARE TO FIND PREDATORY
MORPHOLOGY WITHOUT
CORRESPONDING
PREDATORY
BEHAVIOR.

AN ANIMAL
WITH CLAWS WILL
ALMOST ALWAYS
USE THEM.

**YOU'RE
NOT AN
ANIMAL.**

RESPECTFULLY,
MY X-GENE DOESN'T
KNOW THAT.

"IT TRIGGERED CERTAIN OFFENSIVE
MUTATIONS IN ITS CARRIER--**ME**--
IN ORDER TO ENSURE ITS SURVIVAL.



"OVER TIME, AND WITH A LITTLE HELP, THESE BECAME MORE *PRONOUNCED*."

SO YOU'RE
AFRAID OF YOUR
OWN BODY?

WELCOME TO
THE HUMAN RACE, HENRY!
EVERY SINGLE ONE OF US IS
A WALKING ZOO!

YOU CAN
THINK. YOU CAN
REASON...



THAT'S
JUST IT

THOUGH...

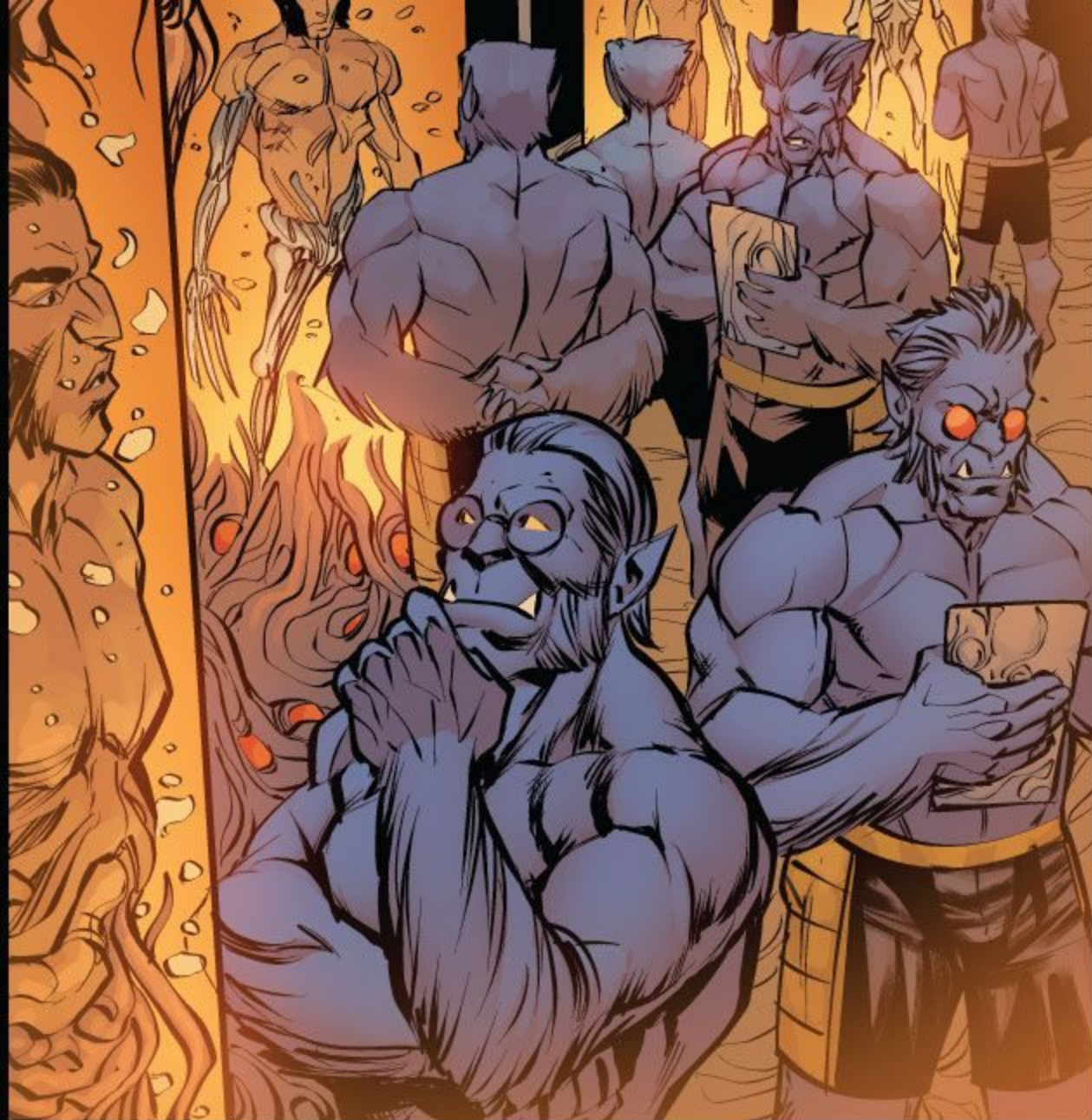
"WITH EVERY BETRAYAL OF MY BODY--
ITS INCREASINGLY VIOLENT UPHEAVALS--I'VE
FOUND REFUGE IN THE *LIFE OF THE MIND*.

"I THOUGHT IT
SEPARATED ME FROM
MY BESTIAL NATURE.



"BUT THE BARBARISMS COMMITTED
BY THOSE OTHER HANK McCOYS...
THEY DIDN'T USE CLAWS OR FANGS..."





...THEY USED
THIS.

MY MIND DOESN'T
SEPARATE ME FROM MY
BESTIAL NATURE,
DOCTOR...



"...IT
ENABLES
IT."

LATER.

McCOY...

I'D LIKE
TO BE LEFT
ALONE,
MAX.

AND I
SHOULD LIKE
NOTHING MORE
THAN TO RESPECT
YOUR WISHES,
HENRY...

**FORT WALSER,
BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

"...BUT A
NEW MUTANT
NEEDS US,
AND THE
TEAM IS...
ELSEWHERE."

ARE YOU
SURE THERE WASN'T
A SAFER MODE OF
TRANSPORT
AVAILABLE...

...A
CATAPULT,
PERHAPS?

SHOW SOME
RESPECT, MAX. THIS
IS AN ORIGINAL

IS AN ORIGINAL
QUINJET.

AND A
COUPLE OF RV
PARTS.



BE CAREFUL, HENRY. WE
STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT
WE'RE DEALING WITH.

I'VE GOT IT.
THE ACCURACY OF
THIS CEREBRO PERIPHERAL
ISN'T FANTASTIC, BUT IT
SHOULD POINT ME IN THE
DIRECTION OF OUR
RECALCITRANT
NEW MUTANT.





→SIGH←
NEVER
MIND.

I'LL JUST
FOLLOW THE
SMOKE AND
THE SOUNDS OF
INCOHERENT
RAGE.



KNK



ANOTHER
MONSTER! I TOLD
YOU THERE'D BE
MORE!



WAIT!
MY NAME IS
HENRY! I'M AN
AVE--I *USED*
TO BE AN
AVENGER!

PLEASE,
I'M...I'M HERE
TO HELP.

GET OUT
OF HERE, AND TAKE
THE OTHER *FREAK*
WITH YOU!



WUUUDD

NNN!

NNN! THIS IS
MADNESS! LOOK AT
YOURSELVES!!!

RUN!







***YOU.* IS
THE MUTANT STILL
INSIDE?**

**Y-YES! WE
CHASED IT INTO
THE CLINIC!**

**THE
BURNING
CLINIC?!**

SAVAGES!



NNN!

HELP.
HELP ME...

I'M DOCTOR
PIERCE. THIS IS
MY CLINIC.

THEY'VE
COMPLETELY LOST
THEIR MINDS. THEY'RE
SAYING THERE'S A
MONSTER
IN HERE!

DO
THEY MEAN
YOU?

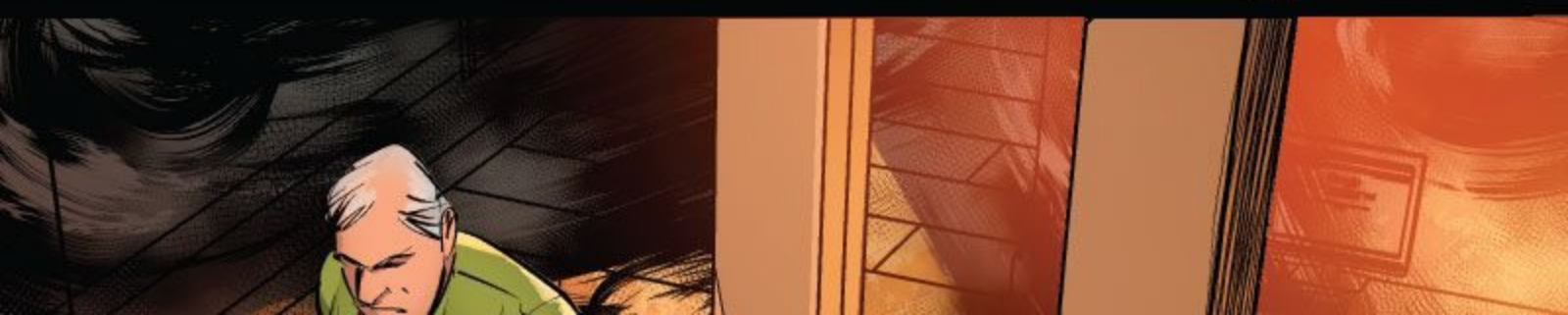
DON'T TRY
TO TALK. I'LL
GET YOU OUT
OF HERE.



UUUUHHHH...

WAIT. ARE
THERE MORE IN
HERE?

I DON'T
FEEL GOOD.
CAN WE JUST
GO?



A comic book panel showing Wolverine in his blue suit crawling on a tiled floor. He is reaching out with his claws extended towards a man in a light blue suit who is lying face down. In the background, a person in a green shirt and brown pants is walking away. The scene is set in a room with wooden paneling and a desk.

FRIEND?
FRIEND, CAN YOU
STAND?

NNNN!



IS...IS IT
GONE?

IT
LOOKED JUST
LIKE ME.

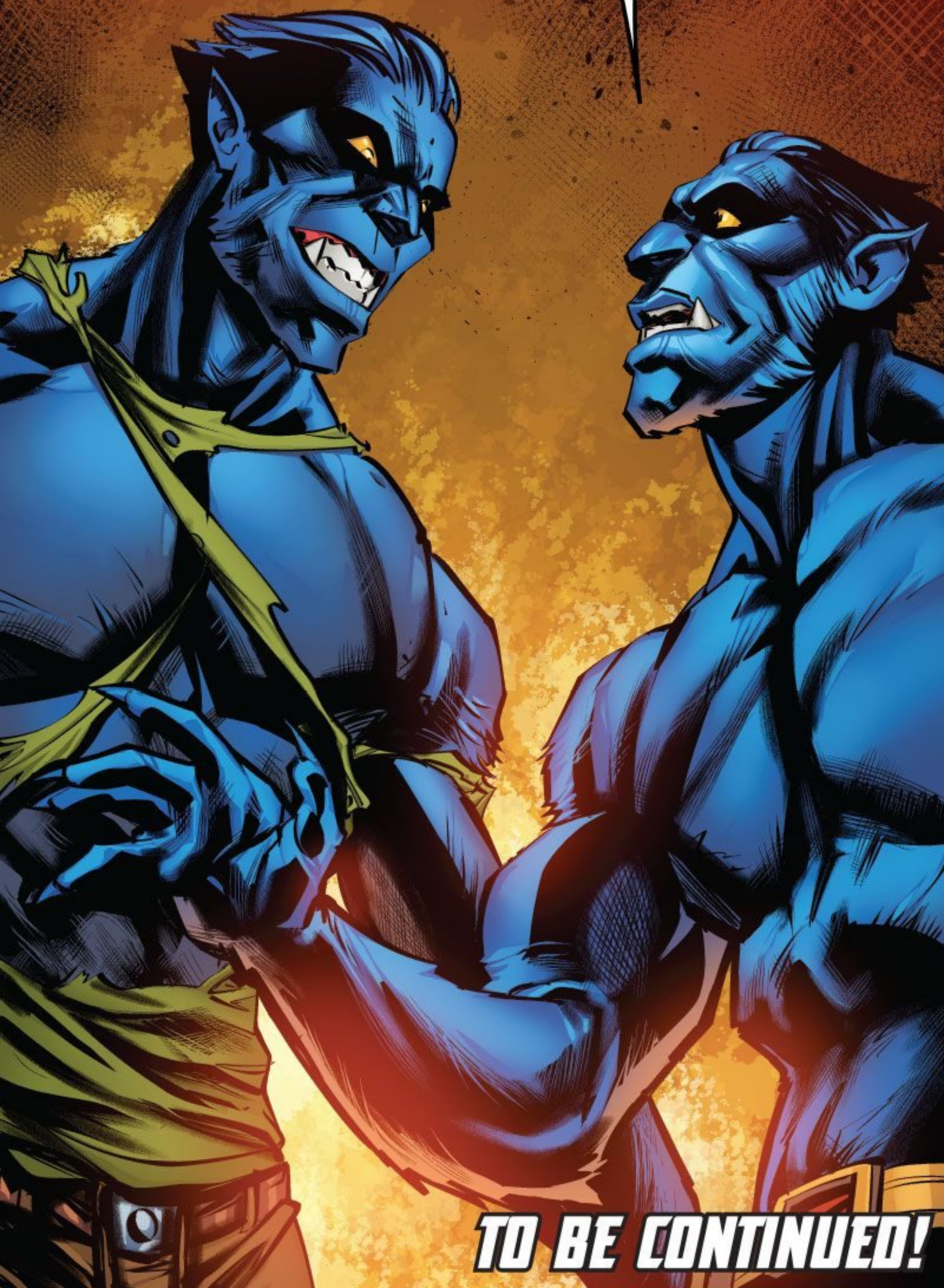
DOCTOR
PIERCE?!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

I DO
WISH YOU HADN'T
DONE THAT.

OH MY

OH MY
STARS AND
GARTERS...



TO BE CONTINUED!

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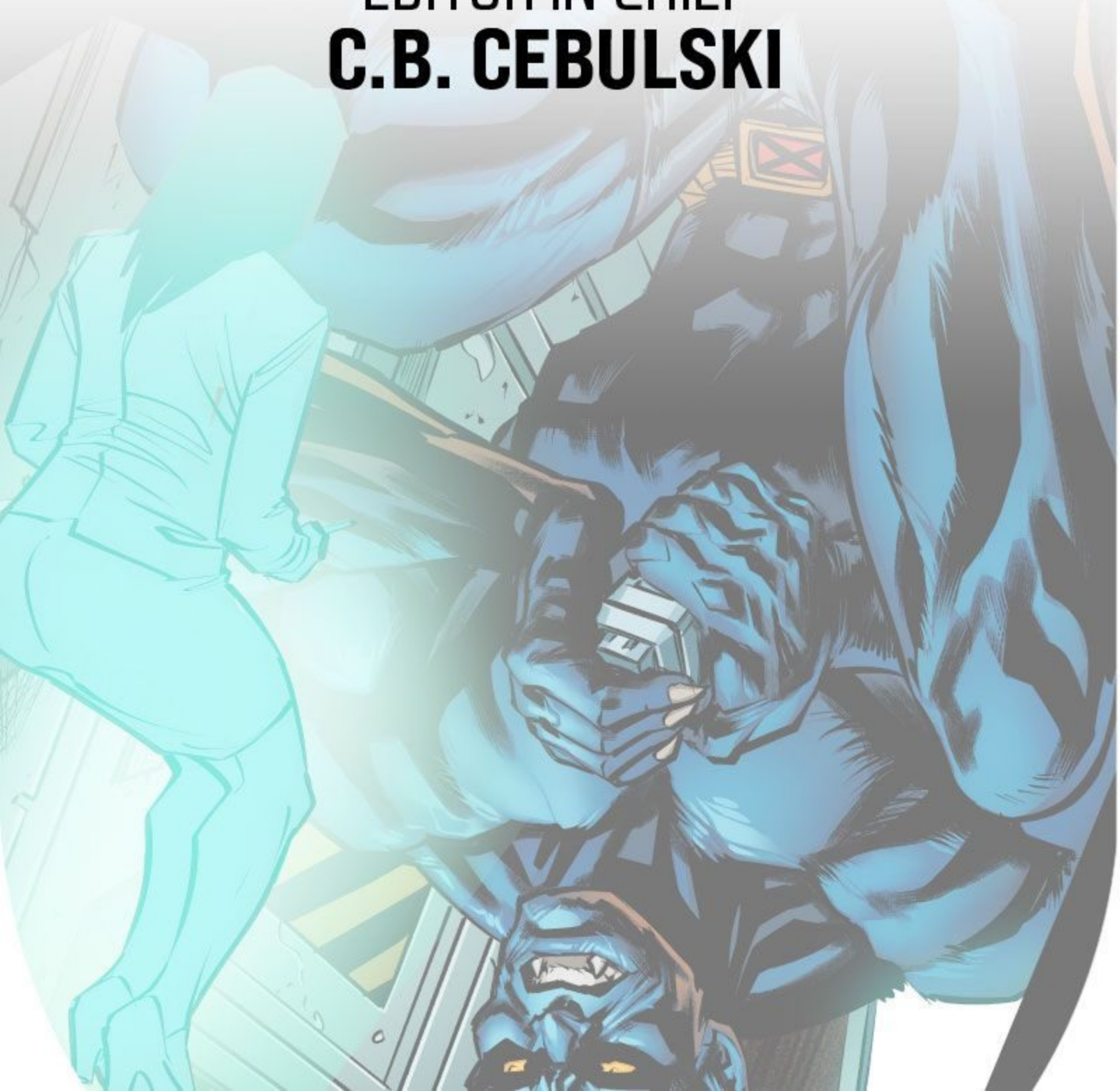
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